

# The News and Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1902.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

## Purely Personal.

Editor of The News and Herald:

My Dear Sir—Please be good enough to allow me space enough to utter a word of a purely personal nature. A most annoying experience, which I have had here in Buffalo, N. Y., has gone all over the country in a cruel and false form. I had a clipping from a South Carolina paper sent me by a friend in my old college town Greenville. That clipping was based on a New York telegram, and contained thirty-three lines. By actual count, within the space of thirty-three lines, there were thirteen falsehoods. And you are aware that there are people in the world connected with journalism who are peculiarly pleased to get a morsel of a Christian minister's character. In a sense, this may be justifiable, but in another sense it becomes very serious, especially where falsehoods are manufactured and sent abroad in the world.

I do not care to go into the details of recent experiences with some saloon men in this city beyond saying that in a sense I was responsible for the arrest of a man for violating the laws of the State. Through a cunning device this saloon man and a gang had me arrested by way of retaliation. Yesterday these men, through their lawyer, without my solicitation, appeared before the judge and withdrew their charge, openly saying that they did not think me morally or legally to blame in the matters with which they had charged me.

Now that these things have gone abroad among my friends North and South, and as falsehoods flee to the ends of the earth, while truth is putting on her boots, I must sit down and write to friends of position and influence these statements that offset the damage proposed by those unfriendly to the cause I represent.

And I have felt that I must urge you to grant me space to speak thus in my own behalf to my friends and relatives in Fairfield county; for in Fairfield I spent the first seventeen years of my life, and think with tenderest affection of the Brices, the McMeekins, the Ragsdales, the Stevensons, the Yarboroughs, the Lyleses, the Andersons, the Macfies, the Trapps, the Martins, the Swygerts, the Chappells, the Holleys, the Currys, the Davises, the Rabbs, among whom I lived, and to many of whom it has been my high privilege to minister for brief seasons since I became a minister.

And these ties which became so dear to me in the impressionable period of a school boy, struggling blindly toward an education, these ties are to-day standing out in strong relief to me in an hour of vexation and annoyance and of humiliation. I could even now wish that somewhere in old Fairfield I was laboring, educationally and religiously, to help my brethren add kinsman to bear the burdens of life forgetting my own in the effort.

I think of the scenes of tender years when some who sleep were my friends and guardians. I think of a teacher, such as Capt. McMeekin, whose patient, loving hand led me to hope when I was only twelve years old. And I think of all those interested smiles of friends, and words of encouragement, that came from a Robert Yarborough (now asleep), an Amos Davis, a T. S. Brice, a W. L. Rosborough, a John Douglass.

I pray the blessings of God to rest on my fellow-citizens, if I may so speak, in good old Fairfield.

Sincerely,  
Robert Morris Rabb.  
Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1902.

## Beware of the Knife.

No profession has advanced more rapidly of late than surgery, but it should not be used except where absolutely necessary. In cases of piles for example, it is seldom needed. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures quickly and permanently. Unequaled for cuts, lumps, bruises, wounds, skin diseases. Accept no counterfeits. "I was so troubled with bleeding piles that I lost much blood and strength," says J. C. Phillips, Paris, Ill. "DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me in a short time." Soothes and heals. McMaster Co.



## How About Your Heart

Feel your pulse a few minutes. Is it regular? Are you short of breath, after slight exertion as going up stairs, sweeping, walking, etc? Do you have pain in left breast, side or between shoulder blades, choking sensations, fainting or smothering spells, inability to lie on left side? If you have any of these symptoms you certainly have a weak heart, and should immediately take

### Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

Mr. F. H. Oaks of Jamestown, N. Y., whose genial face appears above, says: "Excessive use of tobacco seriously affected my heart. I suffered severe pains about the heart, and in the left shoulder and side; while the palpitation would awaken me from my sleep. I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and soon found permanent relief."

Sold by all Druggists.  
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

## White Oak Whittlings.

At the close of a performance given by Prof. Clifford Monday night he exhibited a handsome gold-lined silver cup to be voted to the prettiest and most popular young lady in the hall. After an interesting and lively contest the prize was awarded to Mrs. C. W. Mobley, she receiving 118 votes, with Miss Frances Mobley following close behind with 116 votes. Next came a cake of soap to be voted by the ladies to the laziest man in the hall. This was a short but lively contest. At the close Mr. C. W. Mobley won the prize with Mr. J. H. Neil a close second.

Prof. R. L. Patrick and mother spent several days at their old home in York county recently.

Mrs. Henry Gibson, of Rock Hill, is visiting her father, Capt. T. W. Traylor.

Mrs. W. M. Patrick and children, of Woodward, are visiting here.

Dr. J. C. Patrick and Miss Nell Brown, of King's Mountain, are with relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. S. R. Johnston, of Winnsboro, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. T. Wylie, and others this week.

Miss Wardlaw Durham, of Blackstock, is the guest of the Misses Patrick.

Mr. Henry White, of Chester, was down a few days with relatives here.

Dr. C. S. Pixley had a fine mule killed by lightning last week.

Mr. T. S. Welch, formerly of this place, but now of Augusta, Ga., spent several days in the community recently. He brought with him and had erected over his wife's grave at Mt. Olivet church a handsome monument made of beautiful Georgia marble. Sentinel.

August 29, 1902.

## A Boy's Wild Ride for Life.

With family around expecting him to die, and a son riding for life, 18 miles, to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, W. H. Brown, of Leesville, Ind., endured death's agonies from asthma, but this wonderful medicine gave instant relief and soon cured him. He writes: "I now sleep soundly every night." Like marvelous cures of Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and Grip prove its matchless merit for all Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at McMaster Co.'s drug store.

The News and Herald office is fully equipped for doing all kinds of job printing.

For a bad taste in the mouth take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by McMaster Co.

## TOOL THAT ALMOST TALKS

Yet Its Complicated Mechanism Can Be Tended by a Girl.

The most highly developed of machine tools is the automatic screw machine, and like many another contrivance for saving labor, its home is New England. It is a development of the ordinary steel working lathe, the intermediate step being the monitor lathe, in which the various cutting tools protrude from the side of a steel turret like thirteen inch guns from a battleship turret. In the nonautomatic screw machine the turret is revolved by the operator so as to bring each tool into play, just as the turret on the old Monitor was revolved to bring one gun after another into action. But in the automatic machine the work is done without human guidance.

In making screws, nuts, bolts, studs and other small pieces that must be turned, drilled or threaded for watches, clocks, typewriters, electrical instruments and other mechanisms all the operator has to do is to feed the "stock"—a long, thin rod of steel or brass—to the machine. The feeding mechanism carries the rod slowly forward into the field of action. The turret advances and puts its first tool at work on the end of the rod. When this tool has done its task, the turret withdraws it, turns and advances a second tool into action. Each cutting tool around the turret has its distinct work to perform—one cutting a thread, another shaping a head, another putting on a point, another drilling a hole, still another putting on knurling. The turret automatically brings each of perhaps six tools into action, and when the work is finished the completed screw drops into a pan, while the "stock" is automatically fed forward to begin the complex operation again. A stream of machine oil pours continuously on the work to carry away the heat, and the little metal cuttings collect in a heap under the machine.

Hour after hour this wonderful automation goes through its cycle of operations, the turret clicking every moment as it brings a new tool forward. Small brass pieces, on which but one tool cuts, are dropped at the rate of four a second. Large screws of complicated design upon which a whole turretful of tools must work are cut from a steel rod at the rate of one or two a minute. So perfectly are these screw machines constructed that an unskilled workman can operate a row of them. All he is required to do is to keep them fed with "stock." In some shops girls tend the machines.—Success.

## PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

The time for repentance is in advance of the crime.—"Abroad With the Jinxes."

It is less futile to consider our past than to predict our future.—"Philip Longstreth."

If a man admires a girl at all, he will want to marry her as long as she treats him badly.—"Myra of the Pines."

Well it is to be able to read runes, but better yet it is to know what the Lord has written in men's eyes.—"The Thrall of Lelf the Lucky."

People are seldom man and wife half their lives without wishing to impart their sufferings as well as their pleasures to each other.—"The Kentons."

Tears and laughter well compounded make the sweetest joy, grief and joy the truest happiness, happiness and pain the grandest soul.—"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Be she right or wrong, a woman will not permit a man to question her motives. Being a woman is of itself a good and sufficient reason for whatever she may do or say.—"Graystone."

'Tis a long lane that ain't got no turnin' whatsoever, and I've noticed this all my life—the longer she is before she does turn the bigger turn she makes when she finally gets to it.—"The Silent Pioneer."

## Effective, but Dangerous.

To cleanse glass vases, carafes or bottles of any sort nothing is better than a little muriatic acid. A tablespoonful rinsed slowly around in a vase or decanter will cleanse it thoroughly, removing from the glass every particle of foreign matter. The acid can then be poured into another vase to perform the same office and even then returned to the bottle of supply for service on another occasion. After the acid is out of the vase or bottle the latter must be rinsed inside thoroughly first with hot soapuds and then in several clear waters. Muriatic acid is a deadly poison and must be used with great caution and only by an intelligent adult. A child or servant should never be entrusted with its use.—New York Post.

## Paper Hunting.

One of the most exciting of all riding games is paper hunting, or following a trail made by dropping pieces of paper. It can be made as dangerous as steeplechasing or no more so than an ordinary gallop over the fields. The danger is in the fences to be ridden over, says Country Life in America. There is no limit to the pace but the speed of the leading horse and the necessity of keeping the trail. The "hare" as the man a-horseback who lays the trail is called, is expected to foil his pursuers, the "hounds," as often as he can by the arts of the fox or by his own ingenuity, only restricted by certain rules of the game.

## CUTTING HIMSELF OFF.

The Blunt Way in Which Chaplain Cannon Refused a Fortune.

The Rev. Edward Cannon, a chaplain to King George IV., was a doggedly independent man. On one occasion he refused to compliment his royal master on his singing and for a time fell into disfavor. His manner was high handed and not always too courteous, but his actions were always on the side of right and justice. The biography of his friend Barham, the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," contains, among other anecdotes of Cannon, the story of how he disinherited himself.

A silly old lady summoned him to her house and pretended to be declining in health. She told him she had made her will, by which the whole of a considerable fortune was to be left to him.

"I don't believe it," said Cannon after a pause, in which he eyed her doubtfully. The lady assured him that the document was lying in a desk in the room.

"I won't believe it," persisted Cannon, "unless I see it."

Smiling at his incredulity, she placed the will in his hands. Cannon read it. "Well," he said deliberately, "if I had not seen it in your own hands, I could not have believed you were such an unnatural brute."

Thrusting the paper between the bars of the grate, he continued in a severe, low voice: "Have you no one more nearly connected with you than I—no one to whom your money should go, who has a right to be provided for first and best? Poo! You don't know how to make a will. I'll send for a lawyer, and he shall make your will. You shall leave me a legacy. There's no harm in that, but I'm not going to make it all to please you. Good day, ma'am!"

## ELECTRIFIED HOUSES.

The Simple Explanation of a Very Ordinary Phenomenon.

An instance of nonfamiliarity with simple scientific facts is illustrated by an article that goes the rounds of the press once or twice annually—namely, the story of the electrified house. The article usually states that some one has discovered that everything he touches in his house—the radiators, picture frames, banquet lamps, etc.—gives him an electric shock; hence he fears there is some connection between the air light wires and the water pipes near his residence. The electric light inspector is therefore summoned and reports that the wires of his company are intact and that the electricity must come from some other source.

It does not dawn on any of the people consulted that the discoverer of the phenomenon is unconsciously performing one of the simplest and oldest of electrostatic experiments, the shuffling of his shoes over the dry carpet raising the potential of his body to several thousand volts, which discharge at every opportunity. One may get electric discharges from his knuckles against the brass lock of a handbag which he may be carrying while walking on a stone pavement during cold, dry weather.

But, dismissing newspaper science, it is somewhat astonishing, in view of the many ways in which in cold, dry countries electricity is unintentionally developed and manifested by sparking, that the first knowledge concerning this phenomenon did not come to the ancients in this way rather than by the attraction of light substances by amber. The explanation of this, however, may be that the scientists of bygone days did not reside in cold, dry countries.—Cassier's Magazine.

## When to Eat Fruit.

The question is often asked, At what time of day should fruit be eaten? In tropical countries, where fruit is the chief article of food, the rule appears to be that the earlier in the day it is taken the better and the later the worse. In hot weather many wise people will eat none after noon, alleging that the digestion then declines in power with the decline of the day and the fruit, instead of digesting, decomposes owing to the presence of the saccharine matter. The objection to fruit and certain kinds of vegetables late in the day, be the explanation what it may, is certainly justified by an ample experience, though some persons can eat fruit at all hours without feeling any inconvenience.—Table Talks.

## A Plea For Courtesy.

We have lost the old flowery forms of politeness, and now we never waste "Thank you" on a fellow creature who is not of our own immediate circle. A tradesman does, but he knows it will be charged in the bill. I wonder what will bring us back to the old sweetness of manner? Why should not the customer in the teashop or the customer in the postoffice say "Please" when he gives his order and the other spare a "Thank you" when he has paid his bill? It makes life run so much more easily.—Girl's Realm.

## Not to Be Expected.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the professor to the student who was rehearsing his Latin oration, "you are too solemn. There's no life in your speaking at all." "Of course not," responded the student lively enough. "You don't expect it in a dead language, do you?"

## DO YOU DRINK ALE?

Glenn Springs Ginger Ale, Made With Glenn Springs Mineral Water, is the Best on the Market.

## WHY?

Because all ingredients used are the purest and best. Because it is made from Glenn Springs Mineral Water. THE OLD RELIABLE that, in its natural state, has been alleviating suffering for over a hundred years is now being made into most delightful carbonated drinks. Try it and we know that you will say, as all others have said, that it is "The Best."

Drinkers of Ginger Ale will be delighted to get this delightful and refreshing drink, made with Glenn Springs Mineral Water. Experts pronounce it the finest on the market. Try it and you will be convinced. Ask your dealer for it.

## The Glenn Springs Co

GLENN SPRINGS, S. C.

For sale by Jno. H. McMaster & Co., McMaster Co., Obeur Drug Company.

## Fertile Cuba.

In Cuba cabbages frequently weigh as much as twenty pounds. All vegetables do well. Radishes may be eaten from fourteen to eighteen days after sowing, lettuce in five weeks after sowing, while corn produces three crops per year. Sweet potatoes are perpetual. The natives dig up the tubers, cut them off and plant the old vines, which produce a new crop in three months. All sorts of fruit, horticultural and greenhouse plants and bulbous stock are also grown.

## Dampening His Ardor.

Desperate Sultor.—Sir, I have reached that stage where I can no longer live without your daughter.

Heartless Parent.—Well, I don't consider suicide a crime, young man, but you mustn't hang around here.—Chicago News.

## A Paradox.

Belle.—What a lovely bulldog!  
Non.—I think he's horrid looking.  
Belle.—Oh, but bulldogs aren't lovely unless they're horrid looking.—Detroit Free Press.

Not a pound of all the coal burned in Switzerland is dug within the borders of that country.

## Take Care of the Stomach.

The man or woman whose digestion is perfect and whose stomach performs its every function is never sick. Kodol cleanses, purifies and sweetens the stomach and cures positively and permanently all stomach troubles, indigestion and dyspepsia. It is a wonderful reconstructive tonic that is making so many sick people well and weak people strong by conveying to their bodies all of the nourishment in the food they eat. Rev. J. Holladay, of Holladay, Miss., writes: Kodol has cured me. I consider it the best remedy I ever used for dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was given up by physicians. Kodol saved my life. Take it after meals. McMaster Co.

## What the Hair Tells.

Women who are the possessors of fine black hair are emotional and of very sensitive nerves. Coarse black hair is said to denote great energy, but an unenviable disposition. Women who have brown hair make the best wives, for they are almost invariably full of sentiment, impassioned, "high strung," loyal and easily affected. Red haired people are nearly always keen in business transactions, quick of perception, high tempered and witty. The woman who has blond hair is impulsive and loving, but usually fickle, although an agreeable companion.—Pittsburg Press.

## An Appetizer.

Gentleman (at restaurant)—I say, waiter, your customers are a fearfully noisy lot!

"Yes, sir, and yet they are so particular, you would scarcely believe. Why, that same turbot you are eating just now no fewer than six of them refused before you came in."

**MICA**  
Makes short roads.  
**AXLE**  
And light loads.  
**GREASE**  
Good for everything  
that runs on wheels.  
Sold Everywhere.  
Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

## Managers Primary Election.

Albion—J. E. Stevenson, Charlie Dove, C. S. Brice.  
Salem—W. B. Estes, G. H. Jenkins, J. Q. Bolin.  
Monticello—J. H. Aiken, W. J. Burley, S. G. McMeekin.  
Jenkinsville—B. H. Yarborough, C. B. Douglass, Jr., J. H. Stanton.

Feasterville—H. C. Coleman, C. W. Fancet, Jr., Martin Beam, Woodward—John A. Stewart, W. M. Harvey, Robert Daubar, White Oak—M. W. Bankhead, S. R. Patrick, John M. Wylie.  
Gladden's Grove—J. M. Higgins, J. S. Hall, D. McDonald; Wateree—W. H. Perry, J. D. Rawls, Stewart Isenhower.

Oakland—D. H. Robertson, J. W. Durham, John Hollis.  
Longtown—Howell Jones, T. M. Haynes, W. D. Tidwell.  
Centerville—Thos. Hollis, David Branham, Sam Moore.  
Bear Creek—C. O. Duke, Charlie Heines, Green Hollis.

Blytheville—W. J. Hagood, C. P. Broom, Sydnie Langford, Ridgeway—J. B. Boyd, R. C. Thomas, S. P. Thomas.  
Mossy Dale—T. C. Camak, J. B. Burley, G. W. Brooks.  
Greenbrier—S. F. Castles, S. W. Broom, Jim Richardson.  
Horeb—J. M. Steele, C. K. Robinson, W. W. Irby.  
Winnsboro No. 1—J. A. Hinant, S. C. McDowell, J. M. Elliott.

Jackson Creek—W. M. Harden, John Weldon, J. N. Pope.  
Winnsboro No. 2—J. J. Neil, Ed. Scuggs, S. B. Crawford.  
Fairfield Cotton Mills—Jas. Wooten, R. V. Gantt, C. P. Dickens.

## Fine Groceries.

Forbes' Montebello Hams, Sugar-cured Shoulders, Pure Leaf Lard and Compound Lard, Bologna Sausage, Mackerel in barrels, White Fish and Roe, Herring.

Canned Tripe, Codfish Balls, Baker's Cocoa, Pearl Tapioca, French Sardines, Canned Goods of all kinds, loose Buckwheat, and in packages.

Best Flour in town, guaranteed, Sugars of all grades, and finest Coffee, roasted and green.

New Orleans Molasses, Georgia Ribbon Cane Syrup, and Porto Rico Molasses.

Dried Apples and Peaches, loose Oat Flake Meal, Quaker Oats in packages.

Finest Chewing Tobacco in town; also as fine a Cigar as there is on the market.

## SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

**J. D. McCarty & Co.**

**E. W. Brown**  
This signature is on every box of the genuine  
**Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets**  
the remedy that cures a cold in one day